79

Collated & Perfect. [illegible] 1798

FANCY'S FESTIVALS: A Masque,

As it hath been privately presented by many civil persons of quality.

And now at their requests newly printed with many various and delightful new Songs, for the further illustration of every Scene.

First Edition

Written by *THO. JORDAN*, Gent.

Ficta, voluptatis causâ, sint proxima veris. Hor. de Art. Poet.

LONDON:
Printed by *Tho. Wilson* at the sign of the Three-Foxes in Long-lane. 1657.

TO THE

TRUE LOVER

AND

Cherisher of Wit and Learning.

Mr. *Francis Lenthall*, junior.

SIR,

I Had more courage formerly to prefer these Poems in the presence of persons numerous and noble, then I have confidence now to present this Impression to your more curious disquisitiō, in regard that then and there they appeared in the Complement of all their glory, being much advantaged with the illustrative faculties of Musick, Painting, and Dan-

cing. Sir, in the perusal you will find that I have strayed from the regular road of Masks as they were formerly presented on publike Theaters, not aiming so much at concatination, as variation; And I have in these concise Discourses, rather chosen to make my persons speak properly then highly, since (according to the rules of *Horace*) aptitude is more commendable then altitude, *Versibus exponi Tragicis res comica non vult.* As they are I submit them (with all their errors) to your pardon, humbly confessing that when *I* brought this Mask unto you in my hand, I should have worn another on my face to obscure the blushes of

Sir, The humblest of your faithful honorers,

THO. JORDAN.

The Introduction.

IF *Musick*, *Dancing*, *Poetry*, and *Painting*,
(Free from scurrility, or obscene Ranting)
May please your Apprehensions, we'l not fear,
To let the worst of our design appear,
And boldly bid you welcome, for from hence
Will issue onely Art and Innocence:
We shall do nothing that may wrong these three,
Religion, *Government*, or *Modestie*;
Nor shall we your queint spirits dis-affect,
With speeches six leagues from your Intellect,
But what we will commend unto your ear,
Shall be compendious, pertinent and clear;
So full of single innocence, that he,
Who (wanting the sweet bowels of the Bee)
Shall Comment ill on what this hour discloses,
May extract venome from the veyns of Roses.

The

The Speakers.

Poetry. *A youthfull man, in a Gown and a wreath of Bays.*
Verity. *A Virgin in a Robe of white, with a Chaplet of Lillies.*
Fancy. *A woman in a diverse coloured Robe, with a Garland of Flowers.*
Power. *In a Buff Coat like a Commander in War.*
Policy. *In the habit of a Scholler.*
Frollick. *A Hector.*
Friendly. *A Lady of pleasure.*
Sleep. *A fat person in a furr'd Gown.*
Watch. *A sprightly person in a Robe painted with eyes.*
King of darkness. *In a black Robe, black face, black hair, and a black Imperiall Crown.*
Queen of Night. *In a Robe painted with the Moon and Stars.*
Constable. *In a Gown with a staff of Office.*
Watchmen. *All properly attired.*
Aurora. *In a Skie-coloured habit, with long hair, the trammels tyed with various coloured Ribbons, and a Wreath of many Flowers.*

A MASQUE.

Actus primus.

Enter Poetry.

A Mask? at a minutes warning? the Scene undesign'd, the Speakers imperfect, the Masquers unready, the Dancers disorder'd, the Songs unset, the Musick uncertain, the house full, the Poets head empty, Invention under-foot, and Expectation on tiptoe? All these linkt together make up a chain of rare impossibilities, or a large Bill of impossible Items, whose sum-total amounts to ———

Gentlemen, you have all lost your labours, and I am sorry they could make choice of no other emissary but my self to administer to you this empty entertainment, especiall since I see such a firmament of bright Ladies like to lose their longings. But the grand occasion of this confusion issues from the motley humours of the Masquers, and their dissenting in Fancy; one forsooth would have a Masque of Satyrs, another a dance of Devils, a third something in honour of Citizens, a fourth a Scene of Souldiers; this would have fools, that would have mad-men; one doth purpose to have no speeches, another speeches to no purpose; And in the middle of this Medley, after Invitation had made a progress to all their acquaintance, and Honor would not admit of a retreit, they expose the whole model of it to my design, and at such a barren season when I am not furnished with Invention enough for the posie of a Ring, or a verse for the Bell-man: This impossibility premised, I must humbly desire you to favour the fault; convert your expectation to patience, and at your own leisure depart, and devote your selves to some Recreations of more certainty:

When

When all is fit, we'l make yo[illegible]nce,
Which will be (let me see) som[illegible] weeks hence.

Offers to go off.

Enter Verity.

Verity. Why how now Poetry? whither go you?
Poetry. Your name is Verity I think? *Ver.* Tis true.
Poetry. The Queen of Truth, I wonder to see you
On Earth agen, and in this City too:
Ver. Why came you from Parnassus? *Poe.* To scape harms,
They say that Ignorance hat took up Arms
Against the Muses. *Ver.* But what make you here.
Poe. I'm studying of a Mask. *Ver.* Let me appear
In your design, I shall enrich your Rhimes,
Tis royal to speak truth. *Poe.* Not at all times:
They say Truth seeks no corners, but be it known,
If I should speak it, I must finde out one.
Ver. What do they speak of me? *Poe.* They say your rules
Are onely fit for Children and for fools.
Ver. Say you so too? *Poe.* Not for the world; to me
You are the onely precious Deity;
But in a Mask ('las) we shall but abuse ye,
'Twere fit some holier place would oftner use ye,
Tis shrewdly fear'd in many a sacred seat,
That your white hand is onely counterfeit.
Ver. Then I'le desist, for I shall but disease you,

Enter Fancy in a Robe of divers colours, with a great belly.

Here comes a Lady that will better please you.
Poe. Tis Madam Fancy, in a luckier time
Thou couldst ne'r come, since Reason mixt with Rhime;
Great with Invention as I live; let me *Feels her belly.*
Dear *Fanty* but express my Midwifrie.
Fan. Twil be abortive. *Poe.* Hast thou pangs? that smile
Presages well, prethee sit down a while,
Thou canst not want a help in such a case,
Since there's so many Ladies here in place;
Good Verity come hold her back. *Ver.* I finde
When *Fancy's* working, Truth must come behinde.

Poet.

Poet. Like a good moral Madam. *Fan.* All you do
Will come to nothing. *Poet.* *Fansie!* help me now,
Or I shall lose my Name, my Fame, my Honor, *Fan. laughs.*
She laughs out-right, her throws come thick upon her.
Let the Spheres sing some Dialogue-like Song,
That may fit *Fansie*, and do *Truth* no wrong.

SONG.

1. *voyce.* *Fansie tell me, can thy youth*
Any way compare with Truth?
2. *voy.* *No, but I would have you know it,*
Fansie best becomes the Poet.
Chor. *Verity doth brightest move,*
In Religion, or in Love.
2. *voy.* *Can a Stage the Truth secure,*
When the Pulpit is impure?
1. *voy.* *Is't not fit that Truth should spring,*
And grow up in every thing?
Chor. *Truth may move in every part,*
But a Politians heart.

Fan. Ha, ha, ha. *Fancy riseth out of the Chair, and drops a bundle of Masking toyes, and two Papers.*
Poet. Her very torments tickle her, this throw
Delivers her, 'tis done; what is it trow?
What hath Fate sent us here, let me peruse?
Ribons, Bells, bawbles, Marks, and dancing shooes?
Here are two papers too, this is the Plot,
And this the language, 'tis but small God wot;
A hasty labour, and, I fear, will be
Onely a tittle 'bove a Timpanie;
We'l tak't as 'tis, and so must you, —— begin,
Verity. Stay, I'le have my Scœne first now I am in.
Poetry. With all my heart.
Ver. Though pride and envy scoff,
I'le bring you on.
Fan. Agreed, I'le bring you off.
Ver. Thus I charm the Scœne, appear
Great and lovely, chaste and clear;

In this Cabinet there dwells,
That which all the world excells.

The Scene being drawn discovereth upon an Imperial Throne the seven Nations of Christendome, all distinctly habited, & on the highest ascent Cupid sitteth alone.

From this Royal Throne doth come
The great Lights of Christendome;
Nations renown'd in Peace, and fam'd in Wars,
Good Poetry give them their Characters:

Poetry. What must I do't without premeditation?

Verity. Yes, yes, you know Extempore's in fashion.

The Englishman descends.

Poetry. The first of these that enters in the Van,
Should (by his posture) be an Englishman,
A noble Islander, and one whose parts
Are fill'd with Love and Honour, Arms and Arts;
Much blest with plenty, if the peevish Elf,
Could but forbear to quarrel with himself.

The Englishman danceth, and having taken up his station, the Scottishman descendeth.

What is the next that enters in my view,
The bonny Scot, whose Bonnet is true blew?
Gude mawraw for au day, a hardy Nation,
Although it seems (by somemens approbation,
Whose judgements are much above mine advanc'd)
Of late, he had better have sate still then danc'd.

The Scotchman having danced, and come into his figure, the Frenchman descendeth.

What have we here? the Frenchman? 'tis he sure,
He looks so brisk, *Tres humble Servisure*;
A witty Nation, that hath gain'd applause,
Not onely for delights, but wholsome Laws,
And bears so many pretty toyes about him,
The English cannot dress themselvs without him.

The Frenchman having danced a Corant, and come into a a figure, the Italian descendeth, in a melancholy Posture, playing on a Lute.

What

What Melancholy persons this, whose motion
Declares him dedicate to Loves devotion?
'Tis the Italian, he that disputes
Abroad with Turks, at home with Love and Lutes;
Who though by *Cupid* in this posture hurl'd,
His Vocal Musick vyes with all the World.

The Italian having danced, the Irishman descendeth.

Oh hone! Oh hone! poor *Shon* lost all his houses,
Here's *Cork* and *Tallow* in a pair of Trowses,
The Idle Irishman, who avoids harms,
Much better by his legs, then by his Arms;
For he doth flye (as by his feet you'l find)
Like Mountain Snow blown by the Northern wind.

The Irishman danceth, after he is come to his figure, the Dutchman descendeth half drunk.

What Goblin have we here, whose belly struts,
As if he had a Navy in his guts?
'Tis not the Dutchman; yes, tis he I see,
That stagger clears the dubiosity;
Ha lust ck! he is come too, to delight ye,
From *Poor distressed* unto *High and Mighty*.

After the Dutchman hath danced, and is come to his station, the Spaniard descendeth with his Castinetto's upon his thumbs.

Here comes the haughty Spaniard, now give way,
Room for the *Infantry*, he must display
His footing too, He is a Nation which,
Is Constant, Learned, Valiant, and Rich,
Who now the better to delight his friends,
Hath brought his Fiddles at his fingers ends.

They all dance together, and seem in every Change to quarrel one with another; they all draw their Swords, and begin to menace, until Cupid *standing on the supream Seat of the Throne shooteth an Arrow amongst them, and immediately descendeth in person; they all bow to* Cupid, *and imbrace each other; they dance some few Changes more, expressing amicable deportment, then* Cupid *having seated himself on the most eminent ascent of the Throne, they all orderly ascend after him.*

Verity. How like you this?
Fancy. Not much amiss.
Poetry. What now?
Fancy. I have a handsome fancy in my brow,
Which if it take effect, and all hit right,
Shall fit your Genius with a new delight.
Poetry. Go on, and as your faculty affords
Projections, mine shall put them into words;
In the mean time I hope these persons will,
Connive at our deficiencies of skill,
And cast their bright indulgent eyes upon.
The errours of our Recreation.
Heark in your eare.
Fancy. No, I know what you mean.
Poetry. Advance your Musick, and obscure the Scene.
The Scene closeth. A Symphony is played. Poetry goeth off, with Verity at his right hand and Fancy at his left.

Actus secundus.

Enter Power and Policy at several doors, the one habited like a Souldier, the other like a Scholler.

Policy. Why how now Power? why art so discontent?
Power. I am in study how to circumvent
Thee pratling Policy; you that onely are
Valiant in Logick: Death! a man of War
Is nothing now; Our Swords ye say make Schismes,
Tis you must rule all with your Sillogismes,
And your dogmatick dog-tricks. *Pol.* Prethee peace.
Power. I won't, I hate the name on't. *Pol.* Let's increase
Our amity, the time will come when we,
May joyntly use both Power and Policy.
Power. But ith' mean time where shall I get the gilt,
Or can I feed upon my Basket-hilt

Stew'd

Stew'd in a Head-piece? Will a Musquet-bullet
(Swallow'd) appease the fury of my gullet?
Will Match make Sausages? or (if burning hot)
At a Cooks shop, will it discharge my shot?
Can my kind Colours cover my cold back,
When the spruce Drapers man cryes What d'ye lack;
And gives me nothing? Must my Martiall Powers
Fight Cowards quarrels? or guard Suburb whores?

Policy. Why you are very witty. *Power.* Like enuff,
Would you had the same cause; what if my Buff
Were cut in double Tripes? *Pol.* Prethee be quiet.

Power. I would fain think upon some sort of dyet,
Till the time come ye talk on, I would gnaw,
Hunger is fiercer far then Martiall Law.

Policy. Prethee be patient.

Power. Pish! *Policy.* Give me thy hand,
Without us two the plentifullest Land
Is lyable to loss; How can it be
Safe, if it have not Power and Policy?

Power. 'Tis right; but when the Power shall onely lie
Contracted in the breast of Policy;
When Sophistry breaks Swords, and Warlike projects
Shall be destroyed by Rhetorick and Logicks;
When *Aristotle* and his musty Tribe,
Shall cause the valiant Man of *Mars* subscribe,
To live on Turnip tops, and cloath his back
With Sackcloth, when his belly should have Sack,
When we have onely power to help, not hurt ye,
Where is our strength? where is the Martial vertue?

Policy. You miss your mark, your passion runs too quick,
We are members of one body Politick;
Indulgent Nature our Mysterious Mother,
Hath made us mutually to serve each other;
And as the members of one body be
Reciprocal, so Power and Policie;
My feet are fitted to march on, or flye,
Eyes guide my hand, my hands do guard my eye,
My judgement regulates.

A Masque.

Power. I know all these,
And we must onely fight when Schollers please,
Till you direct we must be standers by,
You are the eyes; A pox o' Books cry I,
They do no good, nor those that do invent 'um,
I'le prove it. *Policy.* Come, *Negatur Argumentum.*
Power, Tis done, do you chop Logick, and I'le draw.
Policy. Good Man of war, consider we have Law. *draws.*
Power. I there's the Devil on't, I must submit. *puts up.*
Policy. Rule without Reason's like War without wit.
Power. But why when all's in peace are we neglected?
Would you in time of war be so rejected?
Policy. Nor is it fit; our labours never cease,
We aid your war more then you help our peace.
Pow. We guard ye then. *Pol.* Ye do, from forraign showers.
Within Power is with us, without 'tis yours.
Power. I do remember once upon a wall,
I saw a poor, but witty Souldier, scrall
This Verse, which though it was in Charcole hue,
And wildly writ, I'm sure the sence is true. *Reads.*
God and the Souldier men alike adore,
Just at the brink of danger, not before;
Warrs being done, both are alike requited,
God is forgotten, and the Souldier slighted.
Policy. We all are lyable to the same harms,
Some sorts of peace slight Arts as well as Arms,
Tis happier sometimes with him that delves,
Schollers quote Authors that can't cloak themselvs:
But heark, what sound is this?
Power. A Drum? *Policy.* A Lute.
Power. A Fiddle. *Pol.* Come sit down & let's be mute.

A Song in Dialogue between Peace and War.

Peace. *Wofull War I do abhor thee.*
War. *Puling peace I care not for thee,*
When the bright Bellona *thunders,*
I do fill the world with wonders.
Peace. *Yes, and all the Camp with plunders.*

Chorus.

Chorus.

Both. { *Wanton Peace then yield to me,*
{ *And resign the victory.*

2.

War. *What doth Peace produce but pride?*
And a thousand sins beside.
Peace. *Who but is in love with peace,*
She doth make all sorrow cease,
And sweet Amity increase.

Chorus.

War. *I execute* Joves *Justice.* Peace. *I his love.*
Both. *Then let us both in our own channels move,*
And quench the strife which now so fiercely burns,
Since Fate will have us rule the world by turns.

The Scene being drawn, there appear on an Ascent of Seats four Schollers properly attired, A Statesman, a Lawyer, a Divine, and a Physitian, on Seats beneath them sit four Souldiers like Commanders in War, they all rise and descend, and fall into a Figure, the Dance is led by Power *and* Policy; *after some Changes both parties whisper; the Gown-men give the Souldiers papers sealed like Commissions; they seem very jocund, and in the concluding Change the Souldiers draw their Swords upon the Schollers, they fret and stamp, all ascend, the Souldiers into the supream places, and the Gown-men below. Manent* Power *and* Policy.

Power. Alas poor Gown-man, now coms on thy dolor!
Pol. I can turn Souldier, thou canst ne'r make Scholar.

Symphonie. *Exeunt.*

Actus tertius, Scœn. I.

Enter at one door Mr. Frolick, at the other Mrs. Friendly.

Frolick. Madam?
Friendly. Sir, what are you?
Frol. Do you not know me?

Frol.

Frol. Even so fair Mistris *Friendly.*

Friend. Fair and Friendly are two good Epithites.

Frol. Better then foul and froward; I am one of those that had rather embrace lovely levity, then divine deformity; a tractable vice prevails with me more then a tyrannical vertue; I do not much affect the grim goodness of honesty, when it looks ugly.

Friend. You want no words to express your wantonness.

Frol. Nor deeds to direct my devotion to so sweet a Saint as thou art.

Friend. You breath nothing but Musk and Amber, these are fine Civit sentences.

Frol. Such Altars as this (my dear) must not want Incense.

Friend. Especially when honor is the Sacrifice, but I must leave ye. *Frol.* I'de rather you would love me.

Friend. So I do. *Frol.* How shall I know that?

Friend. You must make it the object of your faith, for your reason will never reach it.

Frol. No matter if my sence can.

Friend. What sence?

Frol. Such a sence as cannot miss your apprehension.

Friend. I shall easier understand you, then answer you: Love you! that have as many Mistresses as there be minutes in a month, that hath vow'd affection to all gradations, from the lofty Lady to the limber Lawndress, from Cloth of Bodkin to Lindsey-woolsey, from the Court Curtezan to the Sun-burnt Suburbian? and from 16. to 60. as they press Souldiers in *Scotland*?

Frol. Do you know what you say?

Friend. Some are of opinion, that the exact Catalogue of thy Mistresses, would supernumerate the Common-Place Books of a Registers Office. *Frol.* You are invective.

Friend. Tis verily believed, that thou hast undone three poor Parishes with Cradles, Milk and Swadling-clouts.

Frol. How many Servants have you had pray?

Friend. Some two or three whining fellows which were quickly mortified with my answers.

Frol. They speak modestly that say betwixt the ages of 15.

and

and one and twenty you have had enow to people a Plantation; but others who would bring these lesser Items to a sum total, believe you have had as many received Suiters as would raise a Royal Army against the Grand Sieguior, and leave a close Siege about *Constantinople*.

Frol. That's a lye beyond all limitation.

Frol. That *Messalina* the Roman Empress wil be esteemed a Virgin, when you appear in the ballance of comparison.

Friend. Fye, fye.

Frol. To conclude your commendations, they say the four quarters of the world are but your Diocess, and all the Nations which divided at the fall of *Babel*, have attempted to reunite themselvs in you affection.

Friend. How many Ladies have you inveigled with this kind of Courtship.

Frol. Not enow to vye numbers with the Common-place Books of a Regifters Office.

Friend. Nor to serve your *Constantinople* Leaguer with Lawndresses, my memory shall record your expressions, when it may be you would be glad to sue for composition, and give all the Coyn in your Counting-house for an Act of oblivion. So fare ye well Sir.

Frol. No, no, you are not gone yet, for although I cannot stop the volubility of your tongue, I can stay the celerity of your heels.

Friend. But not the activity of my hands, if you abuse me thus. *Frol.* You will not fight.

Friend. I cannot promise you, 'tis not the rude Reputation you have amongst your fellow Hectors, your Seas of Sink-mee's, nor Artillery of Dam-mee's can defend you from my fury, when you provoke me thus in point of Honor.

Frol. Prethee good *Frank* put thy patience in practice, and let me kiss thee into composition; for all my expressions, I know thou art as vertuous as the Queen of beauty, lovely as *Lais*, and as chaste as *Phryne*.

Friend. Thank ye, one was a whore in *Petty-france*, and the other two Pick-pockets in *Bloomesbury*.

Frol. Oh fye on thee, they were all Princes, and dy'd 1000. years ago.

Friend. The matter is not great, I shall rather accept of your single assertion, then tire my head to turn over your lascivious library, to find the truth on't; therefore pray release my hand, and give my feet their freedom.

Frol. To do what?

Friend. To leave the vanity of your company, and pursue my occasion. *Frol.* Whither?

Friend. You shall not be my Secretary in that.

Frol. But I will before you or your secrets go out of my handling *Friend.* You will not be rude.

Frol. Whither do you go?

Friend. I will not tell you.

Frol. Then you shall go with me to a place where welcom shall present it self to you in comly company, divers dishes, brisk wine, melodious Musick, sprightly Songs, dapper attendance, no Reckning, and where all your sences shall be feasted if they could multiply from 5. to 50. where sensuality is sublimate, Liberty dances a Lavalto, and Concupiscence cuts cross-capers.

Friend. In what part of the world is this Pagan Paradise?

Frol. I'le tell thee the occasion, you know *Jack Chowse*?

Friend. He whom the Hectors fight Duels about?

Frol. The same; This is his birth-day, this very minute he writes twenty one, and is of age to challenge the valiant Inheritance of three thousand pounds *per annum*; he begins his reign to night, therefore cancel all your occasions, and go with me to the Coronation: Such a Tavern-Jubilee you shall not see agen these 50. years.

Friend. Whose with you?

Frol. Onely some of his Nobility *Phil Frantick*, *Jack Rant*, *Tom Terrible*, and I.

Friend. What women have you?

Frol. None, that I know, thou shalt be Queen of the Festivals, and I'le be Lord of Misrule.

Friend. I cannot go, but heark you. *Whisper.*

Frol. Will you be sure?

Friend How often have I fail'd you. *Exit.*

1. *Within.* A Health, a health, a health, a health.

2. No,

2. No, no, I'le have a Song, I'le have a Song.
Frol. As I live they are at it. *A noyse of clinking pots,*
Within. By and by, by and by, anon, anon Sir. *and ringing*
Within. A quart of Claret i'th' Coxcomb, score. *a Bar-bel.*
Frol. When Coxcombs come of Age the Taverns roar.

A SONG.

1. Voyce.

DRink your wine away,
'Tis a joviall day,
let our Cups and Cash be free,
Beer and Ale are both
But the sons of sloth,
let us then in wine agree,
To taste a quart
Of every sort,
the thinner and the thicker,
That spight of chance
We may advance
the nobler and the quicker,
Who shall by vote
Of every throat,
be crown'd the King of Liquor.

2. Voyce,

Muscadell, avant,
Bloody Aligant,
shall have no free vote of mine.
Claret is a Prince,
And he did long since,
In the royall order shine,
His face is spread
With sprightly red,
and so he loves to see men,
Where he bears sway,
His subjects they
shall be as good as Freemen.
But here's the blot,
Almost forgot,
He's too much burn'd by women.

By

3. Voyce.

By the River Rhyne,
Is a valiant Vine,
that can all our veyns replenish,
Let us then consent,
To the Government,
and the Royal Rule of Rhenish,
The German Wine,
Will warm the Chine,
and frisk in every veyn,
'Twill make the Bride,
Forbear to chide,
and call him to't again;
But that's not all,
He's much too small,
to be our Soveraign.

4. Voyce.

We shall never think
Of a nobler Drink
then with votes advanced high,
Let us all proclaim
Good Canary's name,
Heaven bless his Majesty,
He is a King
In every thing,
whose nature doth renownce ill,
He'l make us skip,
Aud nimbly trip,
from the seeling to the Groundcill,
Especially
When Poets be
Lords of the Privy Councill.

5. Voyce.

But a Vintner he
Will his Taster be,
there is no man that can him let,
And a Drawer that
Hath a good Pallat,

shall

shall be made Squire of the Gimlet.
The Barr-boyes shall,
Be Pages all,
a Tavern well prepar'd,
In joviall sort
Shall be his Court,
where nothing may be spar'd;
Wine-Porters shall,
VVith shoulders tall,
be Yeomen of the Guard.

6. Voyce.

If a Cooper we
With a Red-nose see,
but in any part oth' T ow
That same Cooper shall,
With his Adds Royall,
be the Keeper of the Crown,
Young wits that wash
Away their Cash
in wine and Recreation,
That hate dull Beer,
Are welcome here,
to give their approbation,

Chorus.

So shall all you,
That will allow
Canary's Coronation:

The Scene discovers five Hectors and a young Heyr, all with Pots, Pipes, and Glasses in their hands, they dismount and dance; after some Changes Mrs. Friendly comes in, Frolick speaks.

Frol. She's come, she's come, now I love thee.

Friend. You will, when you know what I have done to advance your jollity. *Frol.* Prithee what?

Friend. I'le tell you, Madam Fancy lay in lately, and I very abruptly came just now from the Gossips feast, there is Mrs. *Obscene* the Midwife, Mrs. *Luscious* the Confectioners wife, Mrs. *Light* the Feathermakers, and Mrs. *Prattle* the Law-

yers, not a man amongst them, they are now in the height of protesting, the Midwife hath almost got a rattle already, and talks at such a rate 'twould make thee blush to hear her.

Frol. And that's much you'l say.

Friend. They are come from home to conclude in the Tavern, ther's but this wainscot partition betwixt you, which being dexterously removed (by a pair of drawers) the Scene will be discovered, and you may joyn companies.

All. Agreed, agreed.

1. Here's to you Gossip. *Gossips within.*

2. Thank ye good Gossip.

3. Mother my service to you.

4. Thank you good daughter.

1. Pray wind up your bottom.

2. A Diamond of that bigness: where's Mrs. Friendly?

Frind. Heark, de' ye hear 'um, I'le be gone, they call for me, remember my instructions.

All. I warrant ye.

SONG by Gossips.

1.

COme let us be merry,
Till wine make us weary,
'Twill fright away Sullens and Chollicks,
Let Husbands rake Riches,
We'l reach at their Breeches,
And spend an odd remnant in frollicks.

Chorus.

While we hear chink about,
Lively let's drink about,
And be as jocund as may be,
Let men wast wealth about,
We'l drink this Health about,
To the good wife and her Baby.

2.

Let's drink our Sack away,
Some say 'twill take away
Every cold swelling and tumor,

If

If my feet fail,
And my Husband do rail,
I'le tell him Tom-fool 'tis my humor.

Chorus.

Let's prittle and prattle,
We'l twittle and twattle,
This glass of Canary we'l toss up,
Let none of us spill it,
But drink as we fill it,
For 'tis a good Health to my Gossip.

The Scene being drawn, the Gossips are discovered.

Frol. As I live pure company, Ladies shall we prevail with you to mix societies?

Friend. I have acquainted these Ladies with your desires, and they are well contented to mingle in a Dance with you.

Frol. Come Gentlemen, fit your selvs, here am I.

They Dance and turn into the Scene. Manent Frolick and Friendly.

Friend. Faith Mr. Frolick I see what you drive at.

Frol. Well, well, no more, we'l talk the rest in private.

Actus quartus,

Sleep at one door, Watch at the other.

Watch. Why how now Sleep, what dost thou mean to stretch?
Open thine eyes, 'tis I, my name is *Watch*.
Sleep, Prethee disturb me not, thou knowst I am
As far from hurt, as truth is free from blame.
Watch. I think so too, prethee hold up thy eyes,
I'le tell thee of a thousand rarities.
Sleep. Good Watch depart, keep company with those
Whose evil actions make all men their foes;
Fly to forlorn hopes, seek out the Cell
Of vigilant Revenge, or go and dwell

With Husbands jealousies, or Rebels fears;
Oh! for a nap of sixteen hundred years.
Watch. Thou shalt not sleep a minute by this light,
The Prince of darkness and the Queen of Night,
Intend to revel, betwixt twelve and one,
This night they keep their Coronation,
And you must needs be there. *Sleep.* Didst ever see
Sleep at a Masque, or tricks of jollity?
I shall spoil all; what spirits can I raise?
Sleep goes to Sermons oftner then to Playes.
Watch. The Queen will have it so. *Sleep.* So let it be.
I hope she'l send her Coach to carry me,
For if I walk, I shall be out of breath;
Who will be there? *Watch.* Your elder brother Death,
And his great opposite the Queen of Life.
Sleep. Where ever they meet there must needs be strife,
And I abhor contention, I'le not go,
I must seek out a place where pleasures flow,
Where plenty strews the room with wine and dyet,
Where cares are banished by the Queen of quiet,
Where health and wealth, prosperity and ease,
Are in contention onely how to please;
Where Amity is thought the best defence,
And Conscience hath no crime, or else no sence,
Where war and Law, and Faction are unknown,
Where Lovers sing, and Organs play alone,
Where all things are presented to the eyes,
Beyond what man can wish for, or devise.
Watch. Where will you find all this?
Sleep. Far from your knowing,
Where I keep Court these joyes are ever flowing;
The showers of *April*, and *Apollo's* beams,
Shall not produce such plenty as my Dreams;
Nor can the liquid lips of the South wind,
Send such sweet succour as in Sleep we find;
The Lover (though his Lady prove extream)
Spight of her pride, enjoyes her in a Dream.
The Beggar when by Sleep stow'd under hatches,

May

May tell more pieces then his coat hath patches;
The Turkey-Captive in a slumber laid,
Is safe at home, and all his Ransome paid:
The hungry *Lazar*, in a Dream, is able
To sit in plenty at a Princes table.

Watch. How long shall they this Paradise partake?

Sleep. For everlasting, if they never wake.

Watch. If this be all your drowzy power can do,
Beggers and slaves are onely fit for you;
Give me the watchful eye, the active hand,
The copious Intellect that can command
Misterious designs, and all that are
Conservative in Peace, and us'd in War.

Sleep. Prethee be quiet, what a noyse you keep,

Watch. I'le tell thee what I am. *Sleep.* Do, and I'le sleep.

Watch. I am the prop of prayer, life of devotion,
By my assistance men command the Ocean,
I guide all Ships that every billow bears.

Sleep. Pillow-bears? *Sleeps and nods.*

Watch. I teach them in a storm to work out feare,
Without my ayd the Spaniards, Turks, nor Russians,
Could sayl against the foaming repercussions.

Sleep. Cushions, I can sleep without Cushions, if you would but leave your bawling. *Sleeps and nods agen.*

Watch. I make the Student wake, I watch the Centry,
That doth expect each minute the foes entry:
I keep the Camp in war, the Court in peace,
By me the Plowman sows and reaps increase;
No cunning consultation could be held
Without my help, in City or in Field;
If I do not assist, nothing can be
Secure, that tends to Power or Policy;
Where I am wanting all things must miscarry,
That are Divine, Moral, or Military;
I watch with them that laugh, and them that weep,
Indeed what is that I do not? *Sleep.* Sleep.

Watch. 'Tis true, that's thy dominion; where wert thou,
When fruitful *Albians* Alabaster brow,

D In

In the warm blood of Civil War was dyed?

Sleep. I was amongst them too on the Kings side.

Watch. Your faculty and theirs did well agree.

Sleep. Yes faith, I took a nap, and that took mee.

Watch. Sleep is the sluggards joy, the Drunkards dyet,
The Freemans fetters. *Sleep.* 'Tis the Plowmans quiet.

Wat. The Souldiers ruine. *Slee.* But the poor mans wealth.

Wat. The Magistrates disease. *Sleep.* The sick mans health.

Wat. The dull mans bed-fellow. *Sleep.* The Lovers balm.

Wat. The Statesmans Lethargy. *Sleep.* The Seamans calm.
Whilst watching either suits with him that grieves,
Or else with Ranters, Rebels, Whores and Thieves,

Watch. A very comely Character, but come,
Lift up your eye-lids, or I'le beat a Drum
About your ears, *Sleep.* What would you have me do?

Watch. Attend the Festivals. *Sleep.* Come then let's go;
But I shall ne'r hold out. *Watch.* We two must lead
The King and Queen, when they their measures tread.

Sleep. A match, a match, that Dance must needs be taking,
Which is perform'd between sleeping and waking. *Exeunt.*

SONG.

WElcome you whose love and leisures,
do design you for delight,
Freely come and taste the pleasures,
which attend the Queen of Night;
Chor. *Here you may securely prove*
All the liberty of Love.

2.

Here no Spy doth lurk in bushes,
to betray you to the light,
Virgins may secure their blushes,
underneath the vayl of Night.
Chor. *In this Court such pleasures be,*
As the Sun did never see.

3.

You that rob and kill for treasure,
get ye hence and come not neer,

'Tis

A Masque.

'Tis the Prince of Darkness pleasure,
no such person shall appear.
Chor. *They do banish all from hence,*
But true Love and Innocense.

The Scene is drawn, and there appears upon a black Throne the King of Darkness, the Queen of Night, beneath them Life and Death, and on the lowest seat Watch and Sleep.

Queen. Great Prince of Darkness welcome to my Court.
King. We thank you Princess for this Royal sport,
Which is so innocent, the eye of day,
Could she look on us, need not turn away;
All the transactions of this short nights story,
The Sun might see in his Meridian Glory.
Where's Watch? *Watch.* At hand my Liege.
King. Go still the Ocean,
And bid the Spheres make Musick to our motion.

They come into a figure and Dance, in the middle of the Dance the Bell-man rings his Bell within, he sings, they stand.

SONG.

Maids that are well and yong,
List to the Bell-mans Song,
Cupid *hath tydings to tell ye,*
He will not spare his Darts,
Therefore prepare your hearts,
you shall have Love by the belly.

2.

Do not retire in snuff,
There will be fire enuff,
when ye have quencht all in the houshold,
Though you have hinder locks,
Love and his Tinder-box,
will be let in a Mousehole.

3.

Men that have Ware enough,
And well may spare enough,
force not your wives to go borrow,
Mind what I speak I pray,
Always at break of day
bid your fair Ladies good morrow.

The

A Masque.

The Scene drawn there appears in their proper order a Constable and five Watchmen, he with his staff, and each of them with their Bills and Lanthorns, they descend and dance with the King and Queen, Life and Death, Sleep and Watch; towards the end of the Dance, Sleep hangs upon each of them by turns, and they drop down severally, which being done, the King and Queen mount the Scene; presently after a noyse within of stop thief, and crying murther.

King. What noyse is that. *Watc.* An outcry in the City.
Sle. Go seek out Watch, I told ye I would fit ye, *Ex. watch.*
I have given them their dose, how the fools snort,
If they should sleep till noon 'twould be rare sport;
But here comes Watch, there ly your wise Projectors.
Ki. How now what news? *Wat.* A nest of whors & Hectors.
Ki. Uncharm the watch. *Wat.* Ho Sirs, what guard d'e keep
Const. Murther abroad, & all the watch asleep? *A cry within*
All. Come before the Constable, knock 'um *of Murther.*
down; take away their weapons. *Exit Const. and watch.*
Watch. The morning star appears. *Ki.* Come let's to bed.
Queen. We vanish when *Aurora's* curtain's spread.
Exeunt.

Actus quintus,

Enter Poetry at one door, and Aurora at the other.

Poetry. Hail fair Aurora. *Auro.* Poetry good morrow.
Why art thou up so soon? *Poe.* I come to borrow
Light from your lustre Madam, your bright eyes
Discover Natures vast varieties;
You and Apollo have the keys of health,
Whose treasury discloseth wit and wealth;
You are the Students Queen, the wanderers guide,
The Springs Imperial Crown, the Summers pride;
Flora that drinks her mornings draught in dew,
Could never spread her mantle but for you.

Though

Though Phebe shine refulgent in her sphere,
She shews but sickly when your beams appear,
You are fair Fancies Midwife, all the worth
She labours with all night, your hands bring forth ;
To tell how bright, how sweet, how rich, how ruddy
Aurora is, would ask a twelve-months study.
Auro. Leave off, you'l make me blush else I protest.
Poet. Tis my intent, a blushing morning's best.
Auro. When saw you Madam Fancy. *Poe.* Never since
I did employ her to present the Prince
Of darkness with some Revels, which were done
To celebrate his Coronation;
Auro. That was but lately, they are newly gon,
The Queen and he went off as I came on.
Poet. You never move together. *Auro.* Never since
We parted from the Chaos, when the Prince
Of all the world divided us. *Poet.* Who's here ?
Auro. Tis Madam Fancy sure. *Poet.* Wel met my dear.
Fancy. Your servant vertuous Madam. *Auro.* welcom from
The Court of Darkness. *Poe.* I am glad th'art come,
For without thy assistance there's no hope
Of a conclusion. *Fan.* What must be the scope
Of this design ? *Poe.* Something that may appear
For a grand Masque. *Fan.* A Dance ? what if it were
Perform'd by the 9. Worthies. *Poe.* That's too common.
Fan. Or the 9. Muses ? *Poe.* There's too much of woman
To express footing well. *Fan.* Then ye shall have
The 7. Sciences. *Poe.* They are too grave.
Fan. The 7. deadly sins. *Poe.* They are too rude.
Fan. The 7. Champions. *Poe.* They are too proud.
Fan. The 4. Complexions. *Poe.* No, they are not new.
Fan. The 4. parts of the world. *Poe.* They are too few.
Fan. Five Senses with a Devil and a Zany.
Poe. Preposterous. *Fan.* 12 Sibils. *Poe.* They'r too many.
Auro. You'r hard to please. *Poe.* I would have something
As from the bancks of blest Elizium, [come,
Where Immortality doth lead the Spirits
Of Heroes, lately stellified for merits,

Where

Where the white souls of those bright Lovers move,
Who made their lives a sacrifice to Love,
And in deep Melancholy dyed to please,
The cruel coyness of their Mistresses,
Where those triumphant Worthies are, whose blood
By war was wasted for their Countries good;
Where pious Priests and Princes reassume
The heads and Crowns they lost in Martyrdome,
Where Poetry is mounted above chance,
And the poor power of Pride and Ignorance;
Where the Fields bloom with everlasting Summers,
And Sufferers are onely Overcommers.

Fan. Shall this be your device? *Po.* I think 'twill be
The best design for a Catastrophie.

Fan. Why then it shall be so, I like the story,
That which begins with Truth, should end with Glory.

Aur. Tis very proper. *Po.* Go about it then,

Fan. would Madam Verity were here agen,
Where shall I look for her? *Po.* I know not where.

Fan. I'le search the City. *Po.* She is seldome there.

Aur. Look in the Camp, for they pretend to good.

Po. 'Twill be in vain, she never deals in blood.

Fan. Ile seek for her at Court. *Po.* That were meer dotage,
You'l sooner find her in some poor mans Cottage,
Whose low-pric'd labour hardly will sustain
His house with bread, and free his bed from rain.

Fan. Are those her Rendezvouz? *Aur.* See, she is come.

Po. Whence came you Madam? *Ver.* From Elizium.

Po. And in a happy minute; 'tis from thence
At this time we attend Intelligence.

Ver. What is your wish? *Po.* That you would pleas to grace
Us with a glimpse of that eternal place.

Ver. It is a great request, no carnal eye
Can view the splendors of Eternity.

Po. Not by reflexion? *Ver.* Yes, if you can get
An Optick from *Fidelia's* Cabinet,
The Queen of Faith, thorow that Glass I'le show,
What all the world without it cannot know.

Po.

Po. It will not fit this place. *Ver.* Why, then go on.
By Fancy, and I'le give direction.
Po. Content. *Aur.* I must depart, I see the Sun
Begins to mount to the Meridian;
My Regency declines. *Po.* See us begin it,
We shall not much exceed the twentieth minute;
Advance your concord, let the Spheres proclaim,
Cromatick welcomes in Aurora's name. *Exeunt.*

Scene drawn discloseth 9. Heroes.

SONG.

Come ye happy Souls that be
Clad with Immortality,
Ascend your Thrones,
Though the World did use ye hard,
Here ye shall have full reward,
For all your groans.
Chor. *Here the Lover never wears,*
Willow-Garlands, sighs nor tears.

2.

You that have by cruel War,
Been reduc'd to what you are,
with many a wound
For your conscience, here you may
Enter into Royall pay,
And all be crown'd;
Chor. *They that so are forc'd to yield,*
Win an everlasting Field.

3.

You who have without vain glories,
Been fair Truth's dispensatories,
And firmly stood,
In this place shall surely know,
Prophets may to Heaven flow,
In their own Blood.
Chor. *Bare pretenders never come*
Into our Elixium,
Therefore let each active spirit,
Shew the joy he doth inherit.

A Masque.

The Heroes descend and dance the Grand Masque, they conclude the last Figure in a semicircle. Poetry appears in the middle, and speaks

The Epilogue.

TRuth is departed, *Fancy* fled, and I
Am onely left to the Artillery
Of all your censures; in your power it lyes,
To make our hopes prove heaps of Batteries,
But that we are better confirm'd you mean,
Rather to succour then besiege the Scene:
We have opinions that you do not come
To dam us in our own *Elizium*,
To rowt us from our *Revels*, and advance
Your valour 'gainst a *Fiddle* and a *Dance*;
Then you'l destroy us, for (alas!) we are
But slenderly provided for a War,
A [illegible]-work of bright Ladies makes us bow,
Or if ye will charge [illegible] through and through;
Do but consider this, as yet our [illegible] is,
That your bright Mercy will outshine your Justice,
And that you will look thorow these Inventions,
To the civilities of our Intentions:
We could be careless, and (as some have done)
Forbear to court your Approbation,
Upon considerations that the tasks
Of our endeavours, live not upon Maske;
But we shall not with such [illegible] tempers [illegible] ye,
Since our desires are every way to please ye.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.